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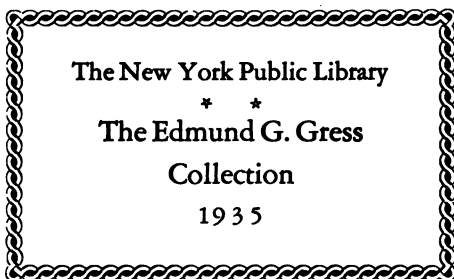
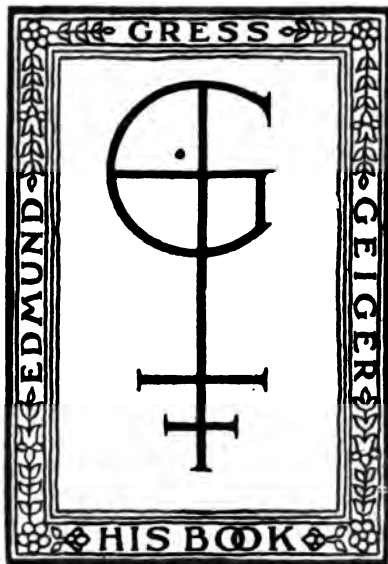
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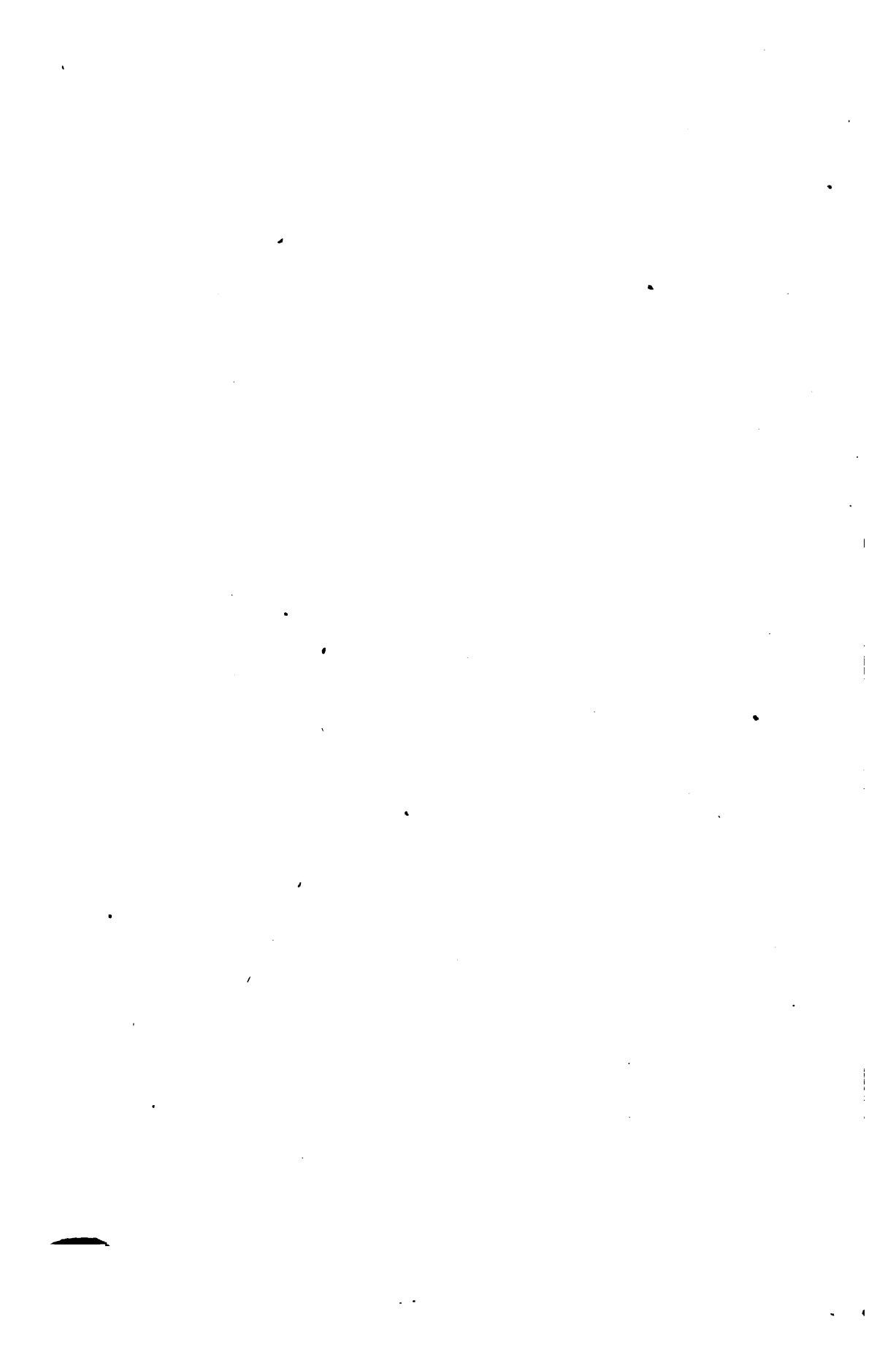
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Poetry American



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THE RAINBOW'S FOOT

VERSE

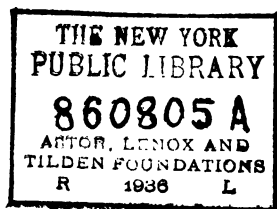
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whose exacting critical judgment
was in this case subdued
by personal fondness

THE AUTHOR

New York 1921

Given to Hon. 1925

PEEBARSETT HOUSE

T. E. E. B.

Not to confront the sense
With splendid insolence
Or to oppress with pride the simple earth,
But striving to express
All beauty's gentleness,
Merging itself anew in each day's birth.

Not for myself alone—
Not piled-up brick and stone—
But something more I pray my house shall be:
Something to make it whole
With human nature's soul,
Something to make it dear for others as for me.

So let it stand to give
All that it may receive,
That spending, it shall earn the fee of memories,
And all who touch its door
Be mine for evermore,
My ever present guests when my house is old
with trees.

Amagansett, 1919

To the above sentiment. by Julius Mueller
Artist, poet, friend, I commend your attention
Sincerely
O. E. B.

[7]

Oct 11/24

THE RAINBOW'S FOOT

THE RAINBOW'S FOOT

THE men who went in galleons
What had they for their pain
Of seeking after silver towns
In jungles of New Spain,
What brought they back to English downs
Save scar and rag for gain?

The men who hunt the rainbow's end
What find they on their way
Of seeking after painted feet
That stand in fairy spray,
What bring they back to house and street
Of riches for their pay?

Though we find naught but radiant mist
That hands have never prest,
Though they found only fortune's frowns
Amid the magic West,
What care we for the silver towns
That had the golden quest?

ART

Keeping its gaze so high
That pride can not come nigh.
Still stooping humbly low
To know the humblest woe—
So near to earth it understands the clod:
So far from earth, it hears the speech of God.

New born to life with every dawning sun,
Dying a sunset death with each day done,
Noting man's lust, and noting it is vain,
Yet for man's sake pierced with his spears of
 pain.

QUEST

Oh, ever-young Desire
That evermore denies,
That lets not old years tire
Nor young wait to grow wise.

Oh, islands of our longing
That wait us just beyond!
Oh, headlands blue and thronging
In seas we have not conned,

That draw us from good mooring
Back to the wind-dark sea,
That coax us to enduring
The perils we might flee!

Dear loves that cannot bind us,
Dear memories that implore,
Left, like the leagues behind us,
For leagues that lie before.

Hail, islands! For to seek you
We ventured without rest.
Farewell! For now we speak you,
Still other isles are best.

GOD'S HOUSE

FREE! FREE! Unending Space, and Time,
and God!

No more to fear the morrows, or to plod
The narrow day from narrow care to care.

Starlight on mountains, dawn-wind on the sea—
I one with them and they at one with me,
One with the moon-flood and the holy air.

Dear husk of mine to which I held so long,
Thou but the instrument and I the song,
Why did I fear the pang that bade me go

To join the harping of the winds that run
And high on shimmering ladders of the sun
Hear the earth's song that earth can never know?

I run with April clad in cobweb rains
And cruise on thin moon-prows or hold the
manes
Of flocky mists slow-herding on a hill,

My only task to take unto my heart
All beauty, and to be all beauty's part,
To be all peace, and know no other will.

Where shift the territories of the main
From blue to indigo and blue again,
Cradling the fairy children of the foam,

Or where on some sharp-bitten peak is hung
A white still cloud like angel-raiment flung,
Houseless I house, unlaboring I roam.

Forever seeking with a great content,
Knowing there is no end to wonderment,
No final pause for eager questing wings,

But ever new cloud-continents before,
New knowledges, new mysteries to adore,
New portals wide to bright adventurings.

Yet sometimes, in some truce of frost and stars,
As throbs a pain of old, forgotten scars
Poignant, I know of roads that once I trod

That draw me earthward from my clear domain
To seek a once-loved lighted little pane—
And lo! I know the loneliness of God!

DRIFT OF SEA

DERELICT

IN the dim, slow dance of the gray sea-wraiths,
the souls of the drowned dead
That sailor-men call the blind sea-fog, I drive
and I roll ahead.

No canvas fills to give me way,
No hand is on my helm to sway—
To the careless swell
Chants my mad ship's-bell:
"Dead! Long dead!"

Drawn by a secret strong sea-pull, I run, I beat, .
I tack.

Lurking eyeless, a damned ship, I lie in the
steamer track!
In his path that man has marked by stars
I swing with my sagging hulk and spars,
And even my bell has fear of me!
She quavers over the shrouded sea:
"Dead! Long dead!"

Where the lost ships swing in a great slow ring,
hung with their rotting gear,
Gathered from all the places of sea, to drift there
year by year,
I have made a course marked on no chart,
I have lain on the chasm's secret heart,
And its silence held in a long, long spell
Has been shattered by my wailing bell:
"Dead! Long dead!"

The deepest deeps of the secret sea
Have reached to my keel and courted me;
They have draped me loving in living green,
They have led me in ways where man hath not been,
In a hushed strange sea where breezes die,
In a fierce dull sea where the ice grinds by;
 The whale marks me with familiar eyes,
 The gray gull laughs on me friendly-wise,
 "Free! You are free!" the gannet cries.
Yet ever my wheel twirls restlessly
As my dead captain were steering me.
 "Dead! Long dead!"

FULL MOON

THE white enchantress lies
Staring on all the dunes; and, worshipping,
Th' enamored beaches look into her eyes.
She beckons them and beckons to the sea
Till the adoring tides stride jealously
And smite the rival land to win her grace.

Savagely, beat on beat,
The rough sea-lover clamors till she stoops
And in his hands sets down her silver feet.

SAIL AND STACK

SONG OF THE OLD SHIP

I AM the poet's vision still!
Still down the ancient sea
Trode now by monsters bellowing,
His dreams are all of me.

For when they set my braces taut,
The last ship of the line,
And sailed me from the ken of men
Into the ridging brine,
They could not take the memory
Of the day when ships were blown
Over the uncontrolled wave
By th' breath of God alone.

For me through patient centuries
The patient forests rose,
From Scandinavia's cataracts
To Oregonian snows;
For me the strong full-bosomed hills
Fed full the lusty trees
That I might answer unafraid
The hailing of the breeze.

They cut the Druid temples down
To make me ribs of oak;
For me the axe-man's smiting arm
Primeval echoes woke;
They rafted down the Kennebec,
They hewed in Lebanon,
They stole the secrets of the stars
My pathless path to con.

For me the April-swollen floods
Were harnessed where they whirled
That they might bear me keels to take
The measure of the world.
For me the looms wove in and out
A-chattering year by year—
They ravished all the world for me
To hang me with its gear.

With blossomed snow the South was white,
The East beset with bloom,
That rope and sail in virgin show
Should garnish mast and boom;
They sounded the unsounded deep
That I might tread it free
When ushered by the storm I made
My bridal with the sea.

What tho' the last of all my line
Go dipping fast below
The rocking rim of sea and sky
Where all the dead ships go!
No strings are swept for steel and stack,
No lyres struck for steam;
Forever my white pyramids
Swim in the singer's dream.

SONG OF THE NEW SHIP

What reck I of the singer's praise?
His words are nothing worth.
The hymns to me rise fiery
From furnaces of earth.

Spawned in the planet's secret ribs
The arch-flame moulded me
Coeval with the timeless stars
Ere ever was a sea.
Pent in a low and utter dark,
With thunder-throes of birth,
Fathered by chaos I was born
And suckled by the earth.

Fierce-beating veins of under-fire
Sped angry through my core,
The mountains pressed upon me
And the land-slides ground me sore.
Pent in the low and utter dark,
In the primeval slime,
Alone, in low and utter dark,
I waited for my time.

Go with the Indian-footed night
From dusk again to dawn,
And you shall see a toiling earth
Ringed 'round with pits that yawn,
Gullet and throat of mine and shaft,
Engines that writhe and whine—
The Children of the Sun dive deep
To seek me in my mine.

My wonder burns upon the night!
The mountain speaks with blaze!
From twenty times a thousand heights
My midnight fire sprays!

Behold the drunken laughter
Of the furnace mouths that roar
In fury but obedient still
To wrest me from my ore.

Behold my savage bards who write
My ballad black with coal!
Hark to my harpers as they smite
My lyre's molten soul!
Smelter and forge and toilers swart,
These make my poesy,
And thrust me, Vulcan's counterpart,
Into your storied sea.

TIDE

THE tide is a black witch. She whispers to the sedge
that wades to the channel's edge
Secrets lured from the sea—from chasms that she
has stirred where his guilt lies interred.
She leads the groping keel where in the white
surf-fret the trap of the shoal is set.
Tryst holds she with the moon. Her sea-world fills
abrim that she may draw to him.
She calls, and the storm replies. His rollers shoulder
a-strand and bite in the flank of the land.
When saffron morning breaks, past point and bar
she creeps to bury his deeds in the deeps.

THE STORM-SUN HUNTS

THE pale storm-sun is riding a hunt
With the sun-dogs by her side,
The galloping gale for whipper-in,
The hunting course the tide.

 The frightened coveys of the sea
 Broken-winged have fluttered a-lee
And are running far and wide.

They fronted it proud against the sky,
Canvas and spar and stack,
Till the merry horn of the tempest called
The hunters on their track,
 Hunters of sea and hunters of air,
 Riders of cloud and of white sea-mare,
Hunters of wind and wrack.

The wrinkled old reefs peer from the sea
With their white beards floating free,
And their laughter rumbles along the coast
As they watch the quarry flee—

 "Hunt them to lee, to the long ground-swell,
 We will hold them loving and keep them well,
When the storm-sun hunts on the sea."

CARIBBEE

THE wild reef-colors blaze
In locked banana bays
Where like the flowers
The pageant hours

Pass but to bloom anew,
And frigate clouds parade
Before the trailing Trade,
No harbor using
But ever cruising
Rainless in rainless blue.

THE SAILORS' GRAVEYARD

WE rest, that long unrestful
Plied on the endless seas
And ever found them narrow:
Now find we ample ease.

The sails beat in unchallenged,
Inviting us no more.
No more the long-ridged breakers
Tempt us to haul from shore.

We rest, and undesirous
Watch sunsets come and go,
Watch moons that wed the waters—
All things that we loved so.

The living bar their houses
And sigh for us that lie
Unhoused, alone in darkness—
But we nor long nor sigh.

We rest that were unrestful.
We that desired so,
Now wait, no more impatient,
Content with what we know.

A TOLL OF DAYS

SUNSET

A LONELY, lonely amber-lighted sea
And islands all untrod
Whose archipelagoes, rose-frontiered, be
The evening joy of God.

Oh, pilot, seeking havens of desire
With never-sated will,
Land ho! See, yonder, in the western fire
Are headlands waiting still !

APRIL

"OH, WIND!" said God to the breeze
Where it played in His garden sea,
"Seek thou the waiting land
And give it peace from me."

The wind blew in from the sea.
His touch was a caress.
The tired cities smiled
Thanks for his gentleness.

The wind blew in from the sea,
With a laughter of idle things,
And the tired streets were stirred
To a memory of wings.

OCTOBER

ARTIST folk are whimsful,
Capricious, idle, sinful;
And when they die they cannot be
Angels neat like you and me,
But in a prison dark and bare,
Underneath the golden stair,
They must repent in tears and grime
For mixing paint and making rhyme,
And hark with groaning and with qualms
To Dr. Watts' pious psalms.
But once a year by Peter's grace
They go to earth to sin a space!
The cherubim stop up their ears
And spoil their golden wings with tears,
Shocked by the heathen verse and song
That echoes from that wicked throng.
With shout and harp and clatter,
And pots of paint to splatter,
The artist folk on earth alight
Forgetting Heaven for a night,
And rushing through the scenery
They paint out all the greenery.
When honest folk awake next day
They blink to find the world so gay,
And never dream that such a wight
As Virgil was abroad that night
Or that the hills were set aglow
By sinful Michelangelo.

NOVEMBER

All the high trees stand still.
Scarcely a shy wind passing through
Makes a lone leaf to thrill.

A hush that is not death,
But a rapt ecstasy of earth
Holding entranced breath.

All the gray aisles are bare.
No flitting fur betrays a trail,
No feather blurs the air.

Yet is this loneliness
A-throng as with a multitude
Of eager presences,

So near, so clear, they bring
Almost the touch of vanished loves
Almost their whispering.

All the high trees stand still.
Scarcely a shy wind passing through
Makes a lone leaf to thrill.

EASTER

This is the Wisdom of Ages brought to its
ultimate goal.

We have traced man out with patience to the farthest
gate of time

Back to his formless arch-type that lay in primeval
slime.

We have measured his brain and weighed it—scholar
and knight and hind—

And of this thing called his Spirit never an ounce can
we find.

This is the Wisdom of Ages: that man hath
not a soul.

He hath Dreams of a Heaven unseen by
bodily eyes.

We have searched him out with the scalpel till we
know what he is.

We have analyzed him and pondered and we come
down to this:

That all the hot love that burns him, his ardor, his
lust,

His dreams, and his terrible visions are things of the
dust.

His Dream is a Chemical Process that ends
when he dies.

And lo! It is Spring, and the stone is rolled
from the tomb!

The sunlight burns into the cavern. Behold! None
lies there!

From death's empty hands sprout the lilies, immacu-
late, fair.

The trees, like young mothers, are lifting their baby
buds high—

Soft flameless green fires of life that are fathered by
sky.

Over Winter and Wisdom grow Life-time,
and Love-time, and bloom.

FLOWER SONG

WE are the truest lovers that were since time was
begun,
For we dream not and live not, save for our lover
sun;
Aye, though our lover's kisses destroy us with his
heat,
We die for him in rapture, and call the dying sweet.

VOICES OF PAN

THE RAPIDS

Oh, my brothers! Oh, my lovers! I am lonely in my
mountains!

I am lonely and I call to you afar
Who would know my maiden passion, who would
kiss my unwooded fountains,
Kiss and race me where my shouting rapids are.

They are waiting you, my brothers, they are waiting
you, my lovers,

Oh, my lovers of the starshine and the dew!
In the echo-haunted gorges that my mountain-gate
discovers
My headlong wild white rapids wait for you.

None has felt my bosom's throbbing, none has lain
in my embraces

Since the glacier carved my highway to the sea,
Innocent of man, and virgin, I have held my lonely
places

For the lovers who are brave to strive with me.

They must come to swift, fierce wooing who would
venture to my capture

In my bridal bed of boulder and of flood;
Never coward heart or weakling shall be partner of
my rapture,

Be a partner of my passion in my wood.

I am great with great desire that my lovers shall behold me!

Oh, my brothers of the starshine and the dew!
In the water-riven passes of the granites that enfold
me

My headlong wild white horses stamp for you.

In the far, high gap of azure where the hills withdraw asunder

As reluctant lovers pausing, loth to part,
My white herder herds them naked in the cloven
ledges' thunder,
And she welcomes you with angry rainbow dart.

Wondrous, perilous, her beauty where she waits
upon my ledges!

Bright and cold her arms reach out for him who
dares
Snatch her kisses as he hurries by the chasm's gleaming
edges,
When he casts himself a-down my roaring stairs.

Though she clutches hungry at you as you charge
upon my horses,

Though she grasps the mane and flashes by your
side,
Though she slay you! She is Wonder! From your
life's primeval sources
She is Wonder that is with you as you ride!

Plunge ye with my plunging horses where the fall-
ing water hisses!

Drive them shouting! Spur them spouting! Till
they fling

Furious over, furious downward, to the glistening
abysses

Where my black, unsounded pools majestic swing.

'Ware! My naked herds are crowding, for they run
a gauntlet narrow

Wild with bellow of cascade and smoke of spray;
Granite lips ye! Water whips ye! But ye ride upon
an arrow!

Dive ye with the diving clamor, and away!

SHELVING ROCK

HE writeth His patience large on the untroubled
hills.

He setteth upon them His sign in token they know
what he wills.

They ponder His task and are still. They serve Him
adoring with trees.

Unageing they sift the slow ages and cast them as
rain from their knees.

He writeth His mountains large on a much-troubled
earth,

And lifteth them high for His sign declaring what
trouble is worth.

Untroubled they brood on the plain. They ponder
the struggle and spoil.

They brood on the tumult of man. They ponder
his travail of toil.

He turneth His azure urn where their summits
upraise,

And filleth the bowl of the world with a great, slow
wonder of days.

They look on His way and behold, with a great, still
wholeness of thought,

The turmoil of valleys below. They watch and they
know it is naught.

His warders of sanctuary from days that are old,
That breathlessly stand at His hand and watch His
high meaning unfold,

They question not man of his deeds. They ask not
of goodness or sin.

In passionless peace they accept, to unchanging
peace take him in.

They declare His design, far from the errors of strife.
Unangered they speak to the men of the great, slow
wonder of life.

Unhurried they cast down the seeds of His dark,
kind poppy of night.

Unhurried they lift up the sun and slowly unbanner
His light.

They speak to the cities: "Lo! To our silence
upsprings

Fierce music of engines, and vast, and a great vast
splendor of things!

A challenge that storms at the sky with a wild, piled
marvel of stone!

A lust of great lights set on high, that stare as hot
eyes at His throne.

"We vision an anguished dream in your passionate
eyes:

Great triumphs that roar at the sun, and a long,
torn torment of sighs:

Great wonder of will and of deeds, and a long, worn
torture of tasks:

Great secret of sorrows and tears, and a blind, wide
laughter of masks.

"Oh, wonders of swimming lights on the deeps of
the dark!

We reckon the tale of your days. To your high, grim
clamors we hark.

Ye burden the souls of your men with a high, grim
passion of mind.

They conquer. And lo! They are gone, like a high
vain blowing of wind."

PRISONER OF BELSHAZZAR

THIS single city that alone I know
Has held me bonded in its carven hand,
A youth who dreamed of trail and space; and, lo!
A man grown old who sees the dreams disband,

The dreams of trail and space that cheated me
The while with plodding, habit-learning feet
I made my only trail that was to be—
The little trail that leads from street to street.

The city, careless frowning at the day:
The city, weary frowning at the dusk:
With carelessness it ground my youth away,
In weariness it casts aside my husk.

Oh! Once there was brave singing in my breast!
My city tuned it to its one refrain,
Its one refrain of footsteps without rest
That endless strive the circle's end to gain.

Oh! Once a splendid vision was in me!
My city broke it with its iron rods.
Its smoking stacks, black brushes painting free,
Swept black across my pictures of the Gods.

Here half a hundred years have I been pent—
I, God, to whom Thy crowned dreams were sent

Of thundering capes that shoulder out
Into Thy smashing seas,
Of glory-drunken Trades that shout
Across Thine coral keys,
Of spell-bound coasts that on a Spanish Main
Wait for the galleons to come again.

'Round this one city that alone I know,
All day th' unharnessed sea-tides come and go.
I watched in youth as now in age, a clod,
Th' unfettered ships whose decks I never trod,
I watched and longed and followed not their quest
For their green tumbling gardens of unrest.

With task-bound eyes I dared not pause to see
The rainbow days' procession over me,
Too dully moulded to my city's plan
To rise and follow where their footsteps ran.
The wind, a laughing youth with flower-filled arms,
Shouted a message from Thine azure farms;
My city's breath struck dead his blossomed spoil.
My city's dust fouled his bright feet with toil.

Before the tempest's sullen fortress wall
I saw Thy angry rains ride, black and tall,
In jostled troops of lances saw them form
And charge with streaming pennons of the storm.

I dreamed of some time seeing them ride free
Through houseless valleys and on unfenced sea,
And sometimes, in an hour of freshened truth
I heard again, with the old sense of youth,
Thy crested waters clamoring afar
In smoking battle where no frontiers are—
The old, old song struck up of sea and wind
That makes men weep and follow on behind
To seek the goal that lies but in pursuit—
The piper's country builded by his flute.

It sang to me of herded Alps that throw
The avalanche from their white horns of snow,
Of breathless valleys where the plumed bamboos
Make nodding courts in which the ibis woos,
Of twilight jungles where the summer stands
Forever held by painted orchid hands.

My city's smoke streams heavily and mars
The sinking sun with moody prison bars.

Yet! Twilight comes. And in the widening space
My city casts her veil. She lifts her face
Toward the dusk that stoops, a soft gray nun
Bending in pity to a wounded one.
And as a forehead dark and knit with pain
At some good touch grows innocent again,
My maimed city sheds her frown, to rest
As in a prayer on the soft gray breast.

Then, sudden-hung in storm against the sky
A lighted wonder builds itself on high!
A mountain bleeding with arterial fires,
In fires spring the city's steeps and spires!
Fires that dim the patient eyes of night
As a sad angel staring wild and bright,
His earth-stained wings still vast with splendid light!

Lord God! The dream has still been mine!
Still have I seen the Vision shine!
I thank thee, grovelling afar,
I, prisoner of Belshazzar!

WILD GEESSE

FROM the high ramparts of the darkness falling,
Trumpets, wild trumpets calling,
Where the gray squadrons of the north go steering
Through roadless worlds, unfearing,
To look, sky-hung, on seas with slow swells lifting,
To look, cloud-swung, on plains with snow-graves
drifting,
To look on earth 'twixt dawn and sunset lying.

From the high ramparts of the darkness falling,
I hear, I hear your calling,
Trumpets, star-echoed, dying,
Oh, dear wild brothers flying!
I hear, I hear your glad, brave freedom crying,
And turn to labor, sighing.

PLUME HUNTERS

THE orphaned nestlings cry. Everywhere in the
wood

The little voices plead of a gentle multitude,
Everywhere in the wood, calling from tree to tree,
The baby voices respond to each other helplessly.
Helpless they call and beseech, wistful they cry and
spy

For a gentle mother wing, a clear, dear mother eye.

No mother voice replies, no mother wing comes
near,

Till the wood is wild with the cries of babies in deadly
fear.

The dusk steals in and the dark ; the night wind
awakens chill ;

The little voices grow weak, and all the wood is still.

There was joy in the wood at dawn. There were
proud, bright mother eyes,

And foolish little hearts that quivered mother-wise,
Tiny and foolish hearts that quivered in each breast
With a fond and foolish love for a foolish little nest.

A chorus of little prayers arose at dawn so clear
That surely God afar in His heaven smiled to hear!
Surely His son who sought the wood when men were
grim,

He listened and was glad that the birds made prayer
to Him !

Only a dawn has gone. Gone is the sinless love.
The parents dead below, the nestlings dead above.
The dusk steals in and the dark ; the night wind
awakens chill ;
The little voices have ceased. The wood is terribly
still.

Oh, little children of God ! Most innocent of us all !
Far off there are gentle hearts that would break to
hear you call,
Soft women's hearts that would break to hear your
piteous cry !
And, oh, little children of God ! It is for them that
you die.

SECRET GARDENS

FAIRY TALE

THE fairy tales are true, dear,
To me who have grown wise
From looking long on you, dear,
And reading in your eyes.

I read deep in your eyes, dear,
Of "once upon a time"
When all the world went well, dear,
And life was like a rhyme.

A rhyme with but one theme, dear,
Yet one that's ever new,
Because it tells a dream, dear,
And how that dream comes true.

When I look in your eyes, dear,
I see no world of men,
But under fairy skies, dear,
I see a fairy glen,

And there a lad and lass, dear,
Walk ever hand in hand,
In youth that cannot fade, dear,
While they're in fairyland.

They've locked the fairy gate, dear,
Beyond all locksmiths' art,
For when they turned the key, dear,
They hid it in your heart.

MAUDE

MONEY and goods I've won and spent;
Uncared they came, unwept they went,
And yet a miser was I still,
For I have hoarded precious things—
Dear words and rich rememberings
And loves, my treasure-house to fill.

So is my wealth not mine alone,
For you are part of all I own—
Your smile, your presence, and your heart;
And these, the verses from my shelf,
Are not from me, but from yourself,
And only phrases are my part.

AT SEA

HIGH in the north the constellations ride
That look on her. Adrift on southern tide
I see not wave or foam and can but mark
Her face, a blossom tender in the dark.

What of her now? How goes the night with her?
To what soft speeches do her pulses stir?
Or does she listen with but half a mind
While her soul, too, goes wand'ring on the wind?

Love holds within its little rosebud hand
More knowledge than the wisest understand;
For this is knowledge passing all their lore;
"I want but Love, desiring nothing more."

What of her now? My falcon proud and free
That still untamed, yet stooped her flight to me?
Shall not mere sea be bridged by vast desire
That it may fold her in its holy fire?

Surely our spirits meet! Oh, that I might
In this poor body go to her tonight,
To kiss her hands, her lips, her hair, her eyes,
As a great tempest blown from Paradise!

TOAST

HERE's to the girls who died
That we knew in our young pride
 Before all the wine was tasted,
For we knew loving then.

Here's to the girls who died
Young and still even-eyed,
 They that we deemed were wasted
Before we had grown to men.

To the girls we knew who died
Ere ever their hearts were tried,
 With the first kiss barely tasted,
Ere they could kiss again.

And a health to the girls who live!
Who gave what there was to give,
 And who dare not think on Heaven
Because they seized it here;
Who have seen us tried through the sieve,
 Who know we are without leaven—
And yet they hold us dear.

GETHSEMANE

THEY only love who, smiling,
Can take the world's reviling
And show no answering frown;
Who take the lone road steady
And lift the cross as ready
As if it were the crown.

They only love who treasure
An agony full measure
To hold a dear one free;
So faithful that, though losing,
They still are constant, choosing
To tread Gethsemane.

Theirs is the Love Immortal!
Aye! Though it pass the portal
Of Death, it cannot die!
But ere the grave can sunder
It rises in white wonder
A Victory in the sky.

A WAYFARER'S PACK

AWAKENING

LONG, long ago I heard one who was dying
After much love and tears and laughter, sighing:
*"Youth is a bird, warbling itself to sleep
In a lad's hands that care not what they keep."*

Remote and pale it seemed, like the wan shining
Of winter's sun on a brief day declining.
My roads were golden-green, my harp-strings new
And taut beneath their roses fresh with dew.
*"Long, long it rests as if it knew no flight—
Till he would clutch: then swift it darts from
sight!"*

When did youth leave me? Was it in a morning
Of wet November when the year was dim,
And Indian summer stripped of his adorning
Lay slain in places that had worshipped him?
*"In vain our longing eyes seek and implore.
A moment marks what was, and is no more."*

There was a night in March, a young wind calling,
A cry, a voice, a chording of thin gold.
The trees replied. I woke and heard the falling
Of thawing ice from hills, and knew that I was old.

YOUTH

DEAR days, dear days of youth and long past
summer,

Long garnered fields of rippled golden grain,
Furrowed by winds enchanted that will never
Furrow those fields again.

Dear days, dear days of daisy-dotted meadows
That vanished afternoons bathe in their glow,
Where long-lost children wander, picking posies
And laughing with the winds of long ago.

VETERANS

HEAVY drums, rumbling slow,
Beating time where the old men go,
Withered skin, faltering feet,

Glory is passing along the street!

Faintly and afar—Hear the muttering of war!

Far and faint,
Beat on beat,
A throb as if a giant heart
Were sick with fever heat.

Faded blue, shabby and old.
Dimming eyes that once were bold.
Waning life that once was sweet.

Glory is passing along the street!

The trample of a thousand horse is roaring in their
ears!

The wrath of great artillery peals down the vanished
years!

Their tattered flags, their faded flags, are flying full
and bright!

Youthful and beautiful, they are going forth to fight!

Bent and gray that rode so straight.
Old and sere that laughed at Fate.
Sorrowful, hear the drum beat!

Glory is passing along the street!

We are coming! We are coming! Spit the cannon
mouths in vain

Their red froth on lines before us! Still we form blue
lines again.

Victory's storm-flood, rising higher as each roller
dies on shore,

We are coming, God of Battles! Flame-eyed,
glorious, young once more!

Heavy drums, rumbling slow,
Beating time where the old men go,
Withered skin, faltering feet,

Glory is passing down the street!

JOHANNES GUTENBERG

CLUMSY my metals freeze. They will not mould
Into the perfect thing my vision knew.
Failure, and Loss again ! The year grows old.
Shall time pinch out, and I breed nothing true ?

Almost I dare to wonder (save for awe)
Why God withholds his aid, since I but seek
To find new tongues that shall proclaim His law
And make His thunders wondrously to speak.

In vain ! The sullen metals will not yield.
The brazier's heavy vapors touch my brain,
And all the scheme that stood so clear revealed
Is lost in blind confusion once again.

Well, then ! Since all my toil is barren so,
And life is short, and happiness is sweet,
Be wise, Johannes Gutenberg, and go
To seek the joys that cheer the common street.

Were it not well to walk with others there
Instead of passing as a thing apart,
While neighbors shake their heads and children stare
At the dark dreamer eating out his heart ?

A touch, and it is done. A hammer's fall.
The forms lie shattered, and I turn away,
Free like my fellows, and no longer thrall
To this, my madness, that has made me gray.

A touch. Say it is done. And let us say
God in His Heaven does not know, nor see.
I know ! And, knowing, how dare I essay
To slip this task that has been laid on me ?

THE LOOMS OF NEWS

WE swing the headlong Looms that weave
The tales of human earth
Spun by the troubled continents
In agonies of birth.

We watch the steady-turning globe,
Upon its spindle hung,
Men's lives are as a twisted flax
Whose thread to us is flung.

We weave! We weave! The sky may rock,
Lands pass as smoke away;
We gather in the warps and weave
The Garment of the Day.

We braid their bliss, we braid their pain,
We braid men's hopes and fears.
We knit their silks of joy and make
A pattern of their tears.

Lo, we are old that once were young!
But never, east or west,
Has one of all the circling suns
Beheld our Looms at rest.

The world was vast, the world was dim,
When first that we were young;
And in the half-light of his time
Man walked dim fears among.

He walked dim fears among, and saw
His brothers in the glooms
Lurk as half-devils till we broke
His terrors with our Looms.

We snatch the scattered threads and tie
The races face to face.
We tie the sundered lands that once
Stared blind across blind space.

We knit men's hates, we knit men's loves,
We make the pattern whole
Of loves and hates. Behold! 'tis one!
Humanity's wild soul.

Throw us your spoils, oh Turkestan!
Ye tropics! Send your glows.
Oh, ruined towns! Our pattern needs
Your somber thread of woes.

Strike, ravening armies! Flame, oh fleets!
Rise, nations! Rise and spring!
High, high above your clamors—hark!
Our Looms are thundering.

THE NEW HOUSE

New house, new house,
The world is very old;
Ashes and dust of vanished fires,
Houses of men and their desires,
All as a tale that is told.

Dear heart, dear heart,
The world is young and blest.
Houses of men to dust have gone,
But the birds come north, the birds sing on,
And each one builds its nest.

New house, new house,
Bar every portal tight:
Beware the truce of the sweet noon tide!
Behind it, grim and evil-eyed,
Lurk tempest and the night.

Dear heart, dear heart,
Leave all thy bolts wide-drawn!
Tho' the bride of the wind ride on the sea
And her angry court shake the moaning tree,
Behind them is Dawn, is Dawn!

New house, new house,
Wild tidings sweep the earth.
From deeps new-stirred, from angry men,
Hate cries as from a twilight den,
And evil things have birth.

Dear heart, dear heart,
The world is very old;
And Hate is old, but older far
Patience and Faith and Kindness are
And the Love that houses hold.

New house, new house,
Set guards upon thy walls!
Set jealous guard at door and gate,
For close in siege sits waiting Fate
To steal within thy halls.

Dear heart, dear heart,
No foe may venture nigh
While welcomed feet my thresholds press
And close-knit loves my firesides bless,
Full-garrisoned am I!

Polly Park Road, Rye, N. Y.

ROOSEVELT

February, 1919

A MOMENT in our circle
The camp-fire flame falls low;
One rises who is Chosen—
Go, brother hunter, go!

On the long, dim trail that only
The shadowy trailers know,
That each must follow lonely—
Go, brother hunter, go!

Over the empty tundras
To ice blink and to floe
Where God's White Dog climbs dripping—
Go, brother hunter, go!

THE ROUND-TABLE

Mouquin's 189-

OH, hurrying Father Time, remain
A moment, rest your scythe and leave
Uncut the Master's grain.
We know that we stand in the field
And may not say if your next swath
Will lay us prostrate in your path;
But till this wine has disappeared,
Old Father Grim, we pull your beard!
What tho' long since in vine-clad France
You snatched the vintner from his dance!
Behold! Despite your scythe there bloom
Red roses on the victim's tomb,
And from our goblets laughs at you
The love-child of the sun and dew.
Over your fields, as you plod by,
Our love, a lark, soars to the sky
And scatheless, tho' you mow along,
Blesses your stubble with a song.

